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# The CANADIAN FORUM

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## Suez: An Assessment

► WHY DID EDEN do it? That is an intriguing problem, which solution is best left for future historians. But one thing is already starkly clear. His Middle Eastern gamble has been a costly failure.

By any standard it has failed. It has divided Britain to an extent unknown in modern times. It has strained the Commonwealth to the breaking point. It has rocked the alliance with America. It has shocked opinion throughout the world. It has diverted attention from the horrors in Hungary. It has made easier the dreadful ferocity of Soviet reprisal. And it has brought appallingly close a Third World War. Mr. Dulles merely led us to the brink; Sir Anthony has almost hurled us in the pit.

And for what purpose? To get rid of Nasser? He remains. To make the Middle East secure? The Tripartite Agreement is defunct; the Baghdad Pact is crumbling; and the Soviet Union has cast its giant shadow on the desert. To open Suez to the shipping of the world? The Canal is closed and full of sunken hulks. To safeguard Middle Eastern oil? The pipelines are cut; the sheikdoms defecting; and petrol is going back on the ration.

Israel is not much better off. To be sure she has humbled a bullying adversary whose provocations had long been intolerable. She has destroyed his armies and occupied the areas from which future invasions might have been launched. Some satisfaction there must be in these results. Yet is Israel really more secure now that the threat of Soviet "volunteers" has replaced that of Nasser's cardboard armies? There is rejoicing over \$50 millions of captured arms. Yet the immense store of goodwill for Israel throughout the Western world is a far more precious asset. Her imprudence placed it recklessly in jeopardy. The Israeli answer is that the Arab states were poised for attack. There is evidence that that was so. And a higher statesmanship would have allowed the Arabs to commit that folly. It would have waited until the Americans had elected their President. And it would not have chosen to act just as the Hungarians rose against the Russians in the most fateful event since the Second World War and thus distract the world from the agony of Eastern Europe.

The effect on the Commonwealth may be far-reaching. Not that the friendship of Canada and Britain has been impaired. That is a hardy thing which can or should stand infinite buffeting. A former Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations has said Mr. St. Laurent's message to Sir Anthony Eden was the most outspoken of his kind. It is to be hoped

it was. Those who think it has weakened the Commonwealth do not understand what the Commonwealth is for.

But the reaction of the Indian Prime Minister is another matter. Mr. Nehru is not usually at a loss for words. His fortnight's silence on the Hungarian slaughter was deafening. His support of the Soviet Union during the debate on Hungary at the United Nations, and his facile identification of Soviet action with that of Britain, France and Israel, have dumbfounded the most patient of his Western friends and surprised many of his enemies. Such policies raise for serious consideration the question whether India's continued membership in the Commonwealth may not be more of a liability than an asset. India's participation in the Commonwealth has had the potential for great good. We have done well to cherish and cultivate her friendship. But it would be a mistake to allow a combination of sentiment, wishful thinking and guilt to destroy our capacity for a reasoned appraisal of its value. Thirty years ago Lord Balfour wrote: "A common interest in loyalty, in freedom, in ideals—that is the bond . . . If that is not enough nothing else is enough." That was the ideology of the British Empire. Should it not also be the ideology of the Commonwealth of Nations?

(For further discussion of the Suez crisis see page 199)

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## *Current Comment*

### The Lesson of Hungary

The Hungarian tragedy—which unrolled so fast and is dragging to such an agonizing end—poses questions on whose solution the future of this world will depend.

The tempo of events in Hungary—first the suddenness of the eruption, and then the desperate and superhuman stand against Russian armored might—was used as an excuse by the complacent and lethargic West for keeping a stunned silence at the beginning, and for remaining totally inactive later.

The explanation given was that "The Hungarians went too far." But the rationalization of Western spokesmen rested on shaky grounds: it served the purpose of lulling consciences into passivity and of condoning the state of Western unreadiness. It betrayed, on the other hand, a total ignorance of revolutionary processes which cannot strictly speaking be "controlled"; and it revealed a lack of responsibility on the part of the U.S. Government, unwilling to accept the consequences of the long-range action it had been sponsoring. Organizations such as Radio Free Europe—unofficially financed by Washington—may not have been directly responsible for the uprising, yet the constant beaming of anti-Soviet propaganda was certain to help create conditions in which ultimately a single spark would start the big fire.

Another fallacy implied that the Hungarian events were less important than the Suez crisis. Hungary was left to be slaughtered because, ostensibly, the West had to cope with issues threatening its more vital interests. The blunder consisted in failing to see these issues as parts of a whole, instead of two separate phenomena. One of the major weaknesses of American policy is dealing piecemeal with problems as they arise and an inability to see them within a larger context. This makes a rational policy impossible, invites errors, and leads to disgraceful and unnecessary defeats.

The Hungarian uprising, moreover, unveiled the sham of "moral rectitude" perpetrated by certain countries of both anti-Communist and neutralist brands. On the Suez issue the U.S. was acting with almost complete, if naive, honesty, whereas in the case of Hungary a large element of hypocrisy was present. Unwillingness to come to Hungary's aid has been referred to with semantic ambiguity as "inability." The intention, which leaked out later from Washington, to make a stand if the Soviet troops had attacked Austria or Germany clearly indicated the outer limits of idealism in American foreign policy. The support so far given to Hungary has taken the form of only words and charity. This is doubtless morally superior to India's machiavellian hypocrisy. Yet, this behavior is weak politically: it avoids issues instead of grappling with them.

The truth of the matter is that by refusing to show readiness to fight when challenged, to make a stand in adverse circumstances, by prolonging uncertainty and confusion instead, the U.S. has given up the leadership she held in the postwar years. The international scene is still—in spite of the daily debates in the United Nations—in a state not far removed from the Hobbesian war of all against all, and the proper safeguarding of interests—honor apart—is primarily accomplished by a readiness to tackle emergency situations. But this presupposes readiness to make sacrifices. It is too bad if the Western man was raised soft, comfort-loving, wealth-acquisitive and unable to sacrifice his welfare. All

sacrifice must be timely in order to be effective; and it is time to learn that charity, economic help, and a new form of dollar diplomacy are effective only up to a point.

The policy which brought into being resounding slogans such as Liberation, Massive Retaliation, Deterrence and Containment could not find effective means to "contain" some 200,000 Soviet troops and their 5,000 tanks which crushed the Hungarian revolt. It may well be, as has been pointed out, that unable to fight the Soviets on their own ground, that is mainly on land with orthodox weapons, the West had to give in. But the logical consequence of the West's shortage of orthodox arms is that any major war must inevitably be fought with atomic weapons. The lesson that emerges from the present crisis is the need for the Western Allies to build up a land force which can match the Soviet armies—before it is too late.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ

### Politics in an Apolitical Year

Eisenhower won but the Republican Party lost. This has been the inevitable theme of virtually all post-election commentaries. The president's popularity is truly a wondrous thing, so unrelated is it to party programs or even to broader ideological issues. Not that this is a new revelation: 1956 is simply 1952 all over again only more so. The Republicans won a narrow Congressional majority in 1952, lost control of both houses of Congress in 1954, and this year the Democrats retained their slim margin in the Senate and actually improved their standing in the House in spite of Eisenhower's 57 per cent of the Presidential vote, a 2 per cent gain over his 1952 total.

Someone aptly compared the campaign to a hypothetical popularity contest between Hugh Gaitskell and Queen Elizabeth. Eisenhower has acquired a kind of symbolic aura as the incarnation of all the homely and homey American virtues—the number of references made by voters to his family life and to Stevenson's divorce was striking. They liked Ike in 1952 also, but last time they were more disposed to rationalize their preferences by mentioning issues. This year the Republican campaign consisted of little but sheer idolatry: audiences chanted "We Like Ike" in mesmerized fashion and Republican campaigners reacted to Democratic criticism of the President as if it were "lèse majesté" even to suggest that his good-will and piety were insufficient to solve all problems of government. With this mood prevailing it's lucky that Eisenhower is not a more forceful and aggressive figure, but, of course, if he were he wouldn't be Ike.

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onized in this manner — witness the fading away of MacArthur.

There were issues on which the electorate was strongly divided, but without any assistance from the Administration they worked to the President's advantage. Eisenhower did not go nearly as far as Stevenson in speaking out in support of the Supreme Court's decision against school segregation, a fact which undoubtedly won him Southern votes at the same time that many Negroes were deserting the Democratic Party in protest against Senator Eastland and the Southern segregationists. The Eisenhower Administration has done far less than it might have done to reduce racial discrimination, unburdened as it is by a Southern wing. The strong civil rights platform favored by Northern Republicans was watered down at the San Francisco convention reputedly on orders from the President himself, yet Negroes swung to Eisenhower in many parts of the country notwithstanding. The Administration now has a real chance to solidify its support among Negroes and make further inroads on this still predominantly Democratic voting group with little to lose by doing so, but, given the President's pacific temper and the Southern Democrat-Northern Republican coalition in Congress, it probably won't do very much.

The International crisis also clearly increased the President's margin of victory, although there is a good deal of justice to the Democratic post-election complaint that evidently all an administration needs to do to win votes is to make such a botch of its foreign policy that the ensuing crisis will give resonance to the old maxim about horse-swapping. Many observers have noted that the two sections of the country most responsive to international affairs, the Northeast and the South, showed the greatest increase over 1952 in the Eisenhower vote. The President's margin was about the same as in 1952 in the Middle West, although lower in the farm states, and was several percentage points lower on the Pacific Coast. And it was in these areas that the Democrats made nearly all of their Congressional gains.

The President has claimed that his victory is a triumph for the "New Republicanism" he says he favors. The Congressional elections, however, scarcely substantiate this claim. True, right-wing Republican candidates were beaten in a few states and ran far behind the national ticket almost everywhere, but the President's personally selected Senatorial candidates in Oregon, Washington, and Colorado were defeated. What may be emerging in American politics is a pattern that ought to be familiar to Canadians: strong support for a national administration of one party and a preference for Congressional control by the other party. (The Democrats also made gains on the gubernatorial level, accentuating the formal resemblance to the Canadian party-voting pattern.) If the voters actually prefer divided control of the government, their re-election of Eisenhower may be more than a purely personal tribute to the man and Democratic chances of winning the White House in 1960 when Nixon or someone else takes Ike's place should not be overestimated.

The futility in this era of trying to retain both the South and the remnants of the old New Deal coalition in the North ought to be evident to discerning Democrats, but with conservative Southerners dominating the party leadership in Congress Northern leaders will probably feel, as they felt this year, that the chances of winning the Presidency in 1960 are good enough to justify still another attempt to compromise issues and patch the party together again into something resembling its old form.

In the meantime, one may hope that the Administration will drop its "let's not rock the boat" attitude and adopt a firmer policy line—on segregation, on aid to schools, on public power, and, most of all, in foreign affairs. But the President's aggrieved detachment from the Middle Eastern

crisis and his predictable platitudes about Hungary don't augur very well for this hope. At least there is a real chance that he may get himself a new Secretary of State.

DENNIS H. WRONG

## British Trade Unions and the Labor Party

When the British Trades Union Congress cocks a snook at the Government for the first time since the end of the war; when a leader emerges to change the whole balance of weight within the movement and to some extent, within the Labor party; when automation gives to unemployment and redundancy a new hue; and when the future of unions is put into such a new perspective that a prominent literary journal like *Encounter* can carry a long sober article arguing that trade unions are no longer necessary — then the time has come to make some reassessment of the present trends in British trade unionism today.

There are in Britain about seven hundred trade unions with a total membership of nine million and, although their individual interests vary from entertainment to plastering, the dominant feature in the whole pattern is the power of the two great general unions, the Transport and General Workers' Union and the National Union of Municipal and General Workers who, between them, absorb something like half the entire membership.

The ascendancy of these non-craft unions developed inevitably with the decline in importance of Britain's staple craft industries, with the replacement of hand skill by machine precision and with the pervasive influence of trade unionism itself in the whole of the economy. These general unions, with their variegated membership, lacking the deep core of common concern that was of the essence of older unionism, brought in their train certain inevitable consequences; one was a sense of neglect on the part of certain groups within these unions, the dockers for example; another was the concentration of greater influence in the hands of their officials. In the very recent past there have been charges of autocracy against the powerful officials and, in some instances, they have appeared to confirm the charges by their own defence. One general secretary was reported to have "denied the charge that trade union leaders were out of touch with the rank and file and said it was the rank and file which was out of touch with the leadership."

The position of the general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union was one which Ernest Bevin created for himself and for which he groomed his successor, Arthur Deakin. Deakin in turn trained for it a man who died soon after he had taken office. This brought into rapid prominence Mr. Frank Cousins, an altogether different type of man, who had been denied the benefit of bureaucratic grooming, who had been a militant and popular organizer and whose sympathies had been left of centre within the Labor party. At the last annual conference of the Trades Union Congress, held in the bracing sea atmosphere of Brighton, Mr. Cousins was to be seen in action for the first time. His first task was to lead the attack on the government's economic policy and its call for wage restraint. The resolution, which was passed did not, as some reports suggested, mean the starting signal for a wage scramble. It was more a warning that the General Council of the TUC would no longer be linked with only wages but redundancy, mobility and retraining would work for the return to a planned economy within which not only wages but redundancy, mobility and retraining would become matters of public policy and where a more acceptable investment program and some control of prices, profits and

dividends would appear again on the economic scene. To have a motion embodying this kind of argument moved by the stolid, conservative, great vote-wielding 'rock' of the trade union movement was a sharp new trend. It denotes a real realignment of forces. It shows a break-up in the bold double-front of the two general unions. Most of all, it has given a keener sense that the massive card vote which Cousins and his counterpart can wield in congress is not set automatically on the side of the entrenched and the cautious and even gives hope that issues may be decided on their merits. Some regard this as a wan hope, some as incipient chaos, others as the first skid to irresponsibility. Whatever it is, it is new and vital and a fascinating study in the shift of power.

Moreover, its effects are not likely to be limited to the trade union movement. The annual conference of the Labor party which followed that of the TUC was held in Blackpool, an equally bracing resort. But it soon felt the fresh salty breezes that wafted north from Brighton. Before it had begun, a whole host of strong resolutions were on the order paper, calling for increased power for the constituency organisations as against that wielded by the unions especially through the block vote. By the time the conference was over, the two battalions seemed no longer to be looking at each other more than at the enemy. A glint of attack came into their eyes, feeling themselves to be over the strife of internecine warfare and on an advantageous battle ground. Now all they needed was an enemy that was ready to fight and lose. Aneurin Bevan's election to the post of party treasurer was in some ways a symbol of this new accord. Mr. Cousin's union had voted for Bevan's opponent but he was, among other things, a general union man and Cousins could do no other. But, within the unions there was some shift to the darling of the constituencies.

In the strictly industrial sphere, the consequences of automation upon union attitudes and structure are barely to be seen. They came most clearly to the surface in the Coventry affair at which six thousand men were given a week's pay and thirty-six hours' notice. The suddenness and inequity of it was a shock to unions and public alike. Management defended the act on the ground that long warning of such a move would induce a go-slow and strike mentality. However, it agreed that "in the special circumstances" it would make payment in lieu of longer notice to men of long service with the company. The whole incident and others like it are bound to bring forward the two general questions of how the suddenness of this kind of redundancy can be averted to the satisfaction of both sides, and what kind of compensation is legitimate, and who would pay it. The brief answers, as the *Economist* points out, are presumably further joint consultation in a real and abiding form and some modified version of the principle of the so-called guaranteed annual wage. It remains to be seen whether management will accept the implications of these two answers. What is more important for both the trade union movement and for Britain's economy is to know whether organized labor can bring about the alteration in attitudes these changes will need and be able at the same time to fulfill its social purpose. Can it brew out of the potion of wage demand, protection against the consequences of sudden change, the need to aid in the new industrial revolution and political protest, an elixir that will keep it potent, militant and contemporary?

GORDON HAWKINS

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## Bazaar

(Can one bring into the market-place an assortment of odd comments varying in worth and origin, and call it journalism or entertainment or some sort of marginal comment on world affairs? Every month, in "Bazaar," we are proposing to try.)

► THERE WAS A STRANGE combination of Kafka and Monsieur Hulot's holiday in the Anglo-French landings at Port Said. The main obstacles were bathing huts; the golf course was one of the critical areas to be occupied early; there was a strange air of desertion as the troops landed and the Egyptian commander is reported to have asked the British commander to discuss terms by ringing Port Said 2033. To set a border to this unnatural scene, one special correspondent described the landing as one which took place in circumstances "not essentially different from entry by formal invitation." \* \* \*

The International Astronautical Congress sounded like some other conferences we have attended. As at earthier gatherings, the organized hot air was stifling: forty-two papers each had fifteen minutes for summary presentation. It seems short shrift in matters of outer space. The British delegation carried practical condemnation of the quality and amount of the ideas arrayed by submitting just one paper. And what a fine, typical effortless-superior topic it turned out to be. It discussed a method of preventing excessive heating in winged vehicles descending at high speed into the atmosphere *from* space. How subtle can you get in your display of prowess? How more intimidating can you be than by saying "we are theoretically so far ahead in our penetration of outer space that we are theoretically on the way back!" Quite properly, a Briton was elected president. \* \* \*

To follow outer space with talk of air pockets is a kind of *lèse majesté*, especially when one should speak only of currents. However a recent case of falling from a great height is well worth a note. It concerns a flight made by a group of British M.P.'s on a European visit. On the last lap of their journey, the plane fell fearfully and an observer described what must have been one of the most bewildering realignment of parties in British political history. "One moment," he said, "we were flying straight and level and the next I saw M.P.'s floating through the air." Perhaps there will now be more sympathy for the floating voter. \* \* \*

No Nobel peace prize will be awarded this year. That sounds grimly just and salutary. It is an interesting exercise to try to imagine the kind of discussion of first principles and of international affairs which must have gone into the decision of the Norwegian prize committee when it decided that one third of the prize-money should be returned to the main fund while two-thirds should go into "the committee's special fund for humanitarian purposes."

Two mysteries surround the fact that visiting men of letters make glib and inaccurate statements about Canada. One is how they come to make them; the other is why much Canadian reaction still has to be shrill. Has the time for invulnerability not come?

It was loose of Crossman to use 'colonial' in the sense he did, even though it was not in the conventional context. He was inaccurate in his comments on Canadian education, on agricultural policy and on rural life (one bad sentence which suggests that well-to-do Doukhobors winter in California is the best of the bunch) and he is sadly old-hat about the climate. But this barely warrants the kind of editorial that batters around the old egg-head line and says as climax

that "Britain is not well-served abroad by politicians of the Crossman type." Do they know just how well he did serve by the quality and warmth of his contribution to the Summer Institute of the Saskatchewan Institute on Public Affairs and at the Couchiching Conference?

\* \* \*

One of the few recent international conferences at which there was more smoke than fire was undoubtedly that of the International Association of Pipe Smokers' Clubs which held its last annual contest in Montreal. The winner smoked through a quarter of an ounce in something over seventy-five minutes without relighting. His skill had an hereditary factor. He explained it in obvious terms. "Both my grandmother and aunt always smoked pipes".

IQBAL

## Canadian Calendar

- The site of an Indian village which existed about 700 years ago has been discovered in Scarboro Township near Toronto.
- The Catholic School Board of Maillardville—a French-Canadian community in the municipal district of Coquitlam near Vancouver—is refusing as part of the long fight of British Columbia's Catholics to gain a share of municipal taxation for the support of separate schools, to pay taxes on its property.
- A Canadian mission has been sent to Morocco and Tunisia to investigate the possibility of obtaining French immigrants

from those countries. The Immigration Department already has on file applications from French-speaking residents of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco for entry into Canada.

- Westcoast Transmission's \$153,000,000 natural gas pipeline from the Peace River gas-fields to southwestern British Columbia is more than half-built. Target date for completion of the line is early in 1957.
- Canadian mills produced 513,983 tons of newsprint during September, 2.1 per cent more than in the same month last year.
- Premier Duplessis on October 19 flatly rejected Prime Minister St. Laurent's latest formula for making federal grants available to Canadian universities.
- Twenty-three years of Liberal rule ended in Nova Scotia on October 30, when Premier Hicks' Liberal Government was defeated in a provincial election by the Progressive Conservatives led by Robert L. Stanfield: Conservatives 23, Liberals 19, CCF 1.
- The Federal Government's surplus was cut by \$71,900,000 in September, but is still, at the figure of \$272,800,000, well ahead of \$113,000,000 estimated in the budget.
- Toronto bank employees have decided to go ahead with plans for organizing a union.
- The Canadian pianist Glenn Gould will make a two-week concert tour in the Soviet Union next spring. He will be the



GENTLEMEN AND SCHOLARS

first Canadian musician and the first North American pianist to perform in Russia.

- The flow of Canadians to the U.S. has increased, reaching 25,000-30,000 a year in the last five years. By mid-1955 more than 1,000,000 Canadian-born persons were living in the U.S. compared with 990,085 in 1950. This upswing has reversed the trend from 1930 to 1950. In 1930, 1,302,943 Canadian-born persons were living in the U.S.—the record high mark. By 1940 there were 1,065,480 Canadians in the U.S. The record period of emigration was 1920-30 when 924,515 persons moved from Canada to the U.S. More than half the Canadians in the U.S. live in four states: Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, California. Canadians are second only to Italians in number among foreign born groups, and about one-quarter of them are French-Canadian.
- The creation of three or more new Metropolitan Toronto colleges has been recommended by a committee of the University of Toronto Senate. Student enrollment is expected to be at least doubled over the next decade.
- Canada's trade with the United States ran up a deficit of nearly \$1,000,000,000 in the first nine months of the year. The over-all trade deficit for that period was \$673,300,000 compared with \$229,000,000 for the same period last year.
- The United Nations General Assembly voted on November 5 in favor of the resolution which will establish Canadian Major-General E. L. M. Burns as chief of the U.N. international police force to police a ceasefire between Egypt and Israel.
- Due mainly to a sharp increase in food costs, Canada's consumer price index rose to 119.8 points on October 1, its highest level ever.
- Speaking before an extraordinary session of the Appeal Court in Quebec city in the case of the two children of Witnesses of Jehovah who were expelled from the Roman Catholic school of Lamorandiere, Abitibi East, because they refused to accept the authorized religious training, a representative of the attorney-general of the Province of Quebec contended on November 6 that there is no inalienable right to freedom of worship in Quebec, nor an absolute right to education in the public school system of that province.
- The metropolitan areas of Edmonton and Calgary grew faster than any other of Canada's 15 metropolitan areas in the last five years. The metropolitan area of Edmonton increased by 43.3 per cent from 173,075, in 1951, to 248,949, in 1956. The metropolitan area of Calgary gained 39.5 per cent growing from 139,105 to 196,152.
- Laval University and the University of Montreal have made it clear to the Quebec Government that, unless it provides higher education with a system of adequate and unconditional statutory provincial grants, they will accept the grants offered by the Federal Government. McGill and other Quebec universities support them.
- Construction contract awards in Canada in October totalling \$279,275,700 brought the 10-month cumulative total near the \$3,000,000,000 mark. At \$2,063,149,900, the total is \$421,695,000 higher than for the same period in 1955.
- McGill University has acquired a collection of old documents, including what are believed to be the earliest known plans of the Settlements where Montreal and Quebec City stand. The maps (which were discovered in Europe) dated from 1635 for the Quebec City site and probably from 1642 for Montreal.

● Prime Minister St. Laurent announced at a banquet of the National Conference of Canadian Universities in Ottawa on November 12 that a proposal for the creation of a Canada Council for the Arts, Humanities and Social Sciences, with a \$100,000,000 grant will be submitted to the next Parliament for approval. \$50,000,000 would serve as an endowment for the Canada Council; the other \$50,000,000 would be used by the council to assist university construction during a 10-year period.

● Canada's domestic exports rose 11.8 per cent in the first nine months of 1956 to a record \$3,518,000,000 from \$3,145,600,000 in the corresponding period of 1955.

● According to the income tax returns of 1954, engineers and architects earned the highest incomes in Canada (average—\$12,059), lawyers and notaries came next (\$11,925), doctors and surgeons third (\$11,891), accountants fourth (\$8,672). Nurses were lowest (\$1,993). The average for all classes was \$3,433.

## London Diary

► THIS DIARY does not set out to record major political developments — the heady drink of today's news is bound to go flat in transit. My purpose is rather to annotate the chronicle of London life, and to take account of political trends only in so far as they visibly affect the Londoner's behavior. And it is an odd thing how little they do.

Parliament held a Saturday meeting for the first time in seven years. Men waiting about in the street, and in the little café frequented by Spanish Republican exiles, snapped up the evening editions — and turned as usual to the racing results or settled down to check their football pools. I read of students manifesting and peace groups processing — but I saw only citizens going about their chores and their manifold distractions. Suez might be a ditch in the park, blocked with fallen leaves, and Budapest a spot on a planet beyond the range of space travel.

Whether this connotes an indifference bordering on the irresponsible, or an entirely laudable refusal to be stampeded, it is a fact. The Trafalgar Square demonstration on Sunday was definitely organized by the parliamentary Opposition (which is quite a different matter) and it was part of this crowd which afterwards swept down Whitehall to Downing Street to be dispersed by mounted police.

I visited three exhibitions that Saturday. At the first there was a modest admission charge and it was moderately well patronized. The other two were free, and one was crowded, the other deserted.

Taking the last one first, like the exhibition I wrote about last month it was housed in the premises of a business firm — this time the huge rambling bookshop of Messrs. Foyles in Charing Cross Road. An upper floor is divided between the sale of art publications — books and prints — and a small art gallery, and this had been given over for three weeks to an exhibition of bindings by members of the Guild of Contemporary Bookbinders. Here undisturbed I fed my eyes on some of the most beautiful examples of the craft that I have ever seen (and I have seen the fabulous Florentine work), collected in twos and threes from individual British craftsmen. Most of the prices were beyond my means, though not high in terms of intrinsic value. In particular a gorgeous volume on Stained Glass from French cathedrals, in purple calfskin with colored onlays, conveyed all the mellow magnificence of stained glass itself at a cost of £18.18s. Other books that greatly attracted me—on Printing of Today in black levant morocco, or the Record of Bookbinding, ver-

million morocco with colored onlays and gold and blind tooling — were not for sale. But there were several to be had at five or six guineas apiece — a revelation in what can be done with a presentation volume, a gift to a departing friend or a colleague on retirement.

Craftsmanship on the industrial scale was the theme of my second exhibition, at the Design Centre in the Haymarket. Some additional visitors may well have been drawn to the Design Centre by the publicity given to it a week earlier when it reached the age of six months. Ever since it was launched by the Council of Industrial Design, however, this continuous but changing display of British goods has attracted overseas tourists, trade buyers and the great British public to the tune of 2500 a day, six days a week.

The reason is not far to seek. Young couples setting up home, housewives replacing outworn equipment, business executives refurnishing an office suite, come here to get ideas on well-designed, reasonably priced goods. The Design Centre also incorporates special displays from time to time, and its present one is entitled "Design in Carpets." I must admit I found most of the carpet patterns either restless or niggling, like much of the contemporary wallpaper one sees, and indeed of the furnishing textiles. But here in the Design Centre are also charming everglaze curtains that are nearly as easy as plastic to keep clean and infinitely more livable-with; amusing roller-towels in the wildest prints (you don't have to live with them for long at a time) at no dearer than the dreariest conventional stripes. Here is the delicious two-tinted Poole pottery that I have in my own home, alongside the elegant bone china currently produced by Minton. Here are portable radios, picnic outfits, suitcases, with handles that you can really carry them by, and taps for kitchen and bathroom (faucets, I believe, to you) that won't stain and won't drip. If only someone would produce a glaze for the bath that would make it impossible for the London fog to adhere in a grimy ridge at the waterline!

Finally I come to the Arts Council of Great Britain's Exhibition of 16th and 17th century Theatre Design in Paris. The fascination of this show is that the drawings come from the National Museum of Stockholm and the models from the Theatre Museum at Drottningholm. So it is to Sweden that London is indebted for the opportunity to see the costumes Béreain sketched for the lavish masquerades of Louis XIV's reign at Versailles, and how the stage was set for the original productions of Corneille and Molière. There is no mistaking why the terminology of the stage in Swedish is all French (stage-manager is *regisseur* pronounced *régisseur*, backstage or coulisse is *kuliss*; *maskin*, *ingenjör*, *repertoar* are pronounced machine, ingénieur and répertoire). The Drottningholm Theatre was the direct heir of Paris stage-craft in the 18th century and the present theatre contains intact the machinery and sets of 1766. To look from the back of the auditorium into the deep elaborate stage of the model at this exhibition, I had to wait my turn.

But nobody paused before exhibit 40, a pen and wash drawing of a display of fireworks designed to celebrate the unveiling of Coysevox's statue of Louis XIV at the Hotel de Ville in 1689. It was very aristocratic and very French, with no sort of resemblance to the uninhibited fire-worship of young Britons who tonight (Guy Fawkes night) are letting off rockets in back gardens and on the village greens that are dotted all over the metropolis.

STELLA HARRISON

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THE CANADIAN FORUM  
36 YONGE STREET TORONTO 1, CANADA

## After Suez

London, November 11, 1965.

► IT IS TOO SOON to see what the last ten days are going to mean to us all; here are some scraps of personal experience—some impressions of mood.

To begin with, we were all caught off balance: wherever you looked there were people in odd postures and in unaccustomed company. For we were settling down to enjoy the American elections—now one of our traditional spectator sports—and then the world blew up. Rugged anti-communists began applauding the Communist government of Poland; people who had been talking stern, responsible stuff about our duty to maintain a hold on Cyprus began championing the victims of imperialism in Hungary; anti-Zionists hailed "poor little Israel"; left-wingers who have denounced the Americans for years set about castigating the Tories for endangering the Atlantic alliance, and thanking Dulles (*Dulles!*) for restraining a British government; the very people who had been abusing Eden for cowardice and vacillation now praised his courage and decision—all this within a few days. When Eden's ultimatum was delivered it was no wonder some people took a little time to sort themselves out.

At the London School of Economics our students, and even our colleagues, were jolted out of their normal political apathy. (You've heard how that institution, frightened by a Laski in its youth, has since suppressed all political enthusiasm?) Everyone was talking politics—on the stairs, in the lifts and passages—even in tutorials. On Thursday the students held their fifth emergency meeting in one week.

A friend phoned to ask me to come round later that night—"No, don't bring your wife: *all* the wives want to come and we just haven't got room." I ran out from a discussion of the New Poor Law of 1834, and caught a bus to the House of Commons, trying to remember the agenda for a Fabian Society committee meeting there to prepare evidence to put before an enquiry into our child welfare services. Outside the House there was a crowd stretching half way round to Westminster Bridge, all waiting to get into the lobbies. Inside, people sat in whispering rows, policemen admitting one or two at a time into the central lobby. In the chamber the sitting had just been suspended in uproar. I hurried down to a committee room, hoping to remember my arguments for the reform of the local authorities' children's services.

It was getting dark as we came out and the queue of waiting people was longer still. At home I bolted supper and dashed out to the meeting. (Fury and anguish when the car wouldn't start—then a desperate push and away.)

There were some twenty-five people in a spacious sitting room on the edge of Regents Park: it was to be a representative gathering of those opposed to the government.

Representative of what? There were barristers, psychiatrists, journalists, a B.B.C. man, a couple of novelists, a trade union secretary, a sculptor, a diplomat, a test pilot—polished, fairly well-to-do, a bit recherché (our hostess had two Siamese cats and an alligator), but otherwise much the same as all the other groups that were meeting throughout the country that night. They weren't sure what to do, but they could not bear to sit at home and do nothing. We began by giving our names, jobs, and political affiliations—one or two Conservatives, lots of Labor and non-party people, a Liberal and a Communist. Then we talked till midnight, stopping only for the news bulletins. Telegrams and letters were sent; it was agreed to print leaflets, get in touch with M.P.'s, parsons—anyone who could bring pressure to bear. Finally we sent a letter to the press, saying we were men and women of military age, many of us reservists, most of us

veterans who had volunteered for service in previous wars—and none of us was prepared to fight in this one.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday one signed petitions and bought every paper available. The *Times* was hostile to the government; the *Manchester Guardian*, *News Chronicle*, *Mirror*, *Herald*, and *Observer* all crusading for sanity, peace and the United Nations; even the *Telegraph* was uncertain, and only the *Express* and *Sketch* firmly belligerent. Protests rolled in from universities, bishops, trade unions, celebrities.

On Saturday night the news from Hungary was so horrible that my wife and I just listened dully, switched off, and sat in silence—afraid to try and speak.

On Sunday we went to Trafalgar Square. I have never seen anything like it: the whole area crammed, with crowds along the National Gallery and the steps of St. Martins-in-the-fields—50,000 people? 80,000? I don't know. It was an anxious, intent crowd that swallowed up the Labour Party marchers with their banners and slogans. ("Eden must go" was chanted fiercely and repeatedly). Here and there tiny groups of hecklers—all very young—shouted "traitor!" and "Eden must stay!" in cultured accents.

By Monday there were growing rumours of mutiny within the Tory party, and the first resignations and open protests appeared among the faithful. Students came to tutorials with no work done, making no apology. A Jewish girl seemed on the verge of collapse; a Negro explained politely that he was on strike this week; even the daughter of a Tory M.P. was worried. "We were confident at the beginning, but we never expected we'd actually have to bomb the Egyptians."

In Budapest the Russians were shooting students, and hanging people from the Danube bridges.

On Tuesday night we went to a meeting again—the same all-party group now grown much larger, with representatives of other spontaneous gatherings of the same kind. One man—a Conservative—said he had gone to Downing Street the previous week, feeling frightened and angry, and not knowing what to do. There he fell in with complete strangers and went with them to a coffee bar; they decided they must hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square, print leaflets and posters, lobby M.P.'s. Next day they learned one cannot call meetings in Trafalgar Square just like that; but he got his leaflets and posters printed and brought them to our meeting. 10,000 of them. We took them home with us, after spending another evening organizing agitation of all kinds.

My wife and I went out to deliver our share of the leaflets on Wednesday night, taking yet another petition with us. Friends joined us and in no time our leaflets were all gone—we could have got rid of a thousand.

By now it was clear that the heat was going off: a ceasefire was announced, and the one aim uniting all of us had been achieved. Thenceforth the great protest would fall apart: on one hand, those whose passion was for peace; and on the other, those who were determined to see the end of Eden.

What has it all been about then? So many emotions so keenly experienced leave one confused. But above all, we feel guilty. So many hopes have been dashed; all our growing faith in a sense of justice derived from a world public opinion, and our faith in the Commonwealth as a meaningful union of colors and races—all this destroyed, and by us.

And on the other side (For do not forget there is another side: half the nation is still prepared to tell the pollsters they trust Eden.) The other side, I think, has tasted action—action at last, after years of talk and frustration. For there are people who feel we have for years been pushed around by foreigners—Russians and American, Indians, Africans, Malays, Cypriots and "wogs" of all kinds—and pushed around at home, too, by inflation, trade unions, the working classes, and the welfare state. It is not easy to be a citizen of a declining great power and a declining social class.

And what have we achieved—our side—by all our anguish? One would like to say that our protests have forced Eden to hold his hand and, belatedly, to accept the verdict of the world. But I think we must thank the Russians and the Americans for that. No. We can only claim to have done something to set our own consciences right—though to the Hungarians we can never atone. From them we have learned that freedom matters after all, that it was not just a piece of Victorian romanticism. They have made the world a more tragic place—but a better place to live in.

DAVID DONNISON.

## Japan and the "Peace Constitution"

*Eiichi Koneko*

► THE RECENT ELECTIONS for Japan's Upper House are of major significance for the future of the nation because of their bearing on the question of the amendment of the constitution, a problem which has been ardently discussed for several years. In order to amend the present constitution the approval of two thirds or more of the members of each House must be secured, and the result must then be submitted to the electorate. But now, since the election, those opposed to amendment number more than one third of the Upper House and a change will thus be impossible for at least three years. But this fact neither shows that the Constitutional issue has lost its significance in Japan's political situation nor that the effort for amendment has ceased. However, it does mean that for the present there can be no constitutional removal of the "peace clause" prohibiting Japanese re-armament. Any effort to alter the constitution in this respect will be voted down by the Socialists and other minority parties in the Upper House.

It is true that the problem of the Constitution is not in itself the problem of contemporary Japanese affairs. Politics is, after all, a struggle for power, and it is not a problem of mere law. But it is also true that the constitutional problem best symbolizes Japan's present internal and external position. The burning problems of Japan, such as re-armament and democratization, which will decisively determine her future, cannot be discussed unless we determine our attitude towards the Constitution. Supporters of the amendment find "obstacles" in the present Constitution, but its opposers wish to find their "base" in it.

Though some "Revisionists" call the present Constitution the "MacArthur Constitution," and regard it for that reason as unfit for present independent Japan, it cannot be denied that it was heartily welcomed at the time of its promulgation by an overwhelming majority of Japanese people. They regarded it as a splendid declaration of Japan's new departure as a peace-state. The present Constitution was written through the initiative of SCAP, which feared the revival of military forces in Japan. But this does not disprove the fact that the Constitution was welcomed also by the Japanese themselves. Some leading politicians may have felt "compelled" to accept it, but most Japanese people didn't feel so. When one looks over the papers of that time this is quite evident. The only nation in the world which was attacked by atomic bombs felt severely the disasters of war, and its people made up their minds to contribute to world peace as much as possible.

It is quite remarkable that the revision of this Constitution, which was so welcomed at home and abroad, has become the subject of discussion less than ten years after it was issued. The main cause of this state of affairs lies in external rather than internal forces. As the result of transitions in international relations, particularly in changes in

American policy, Japan began to be regarded as a strategically significant area for the "free world." At that moment a forward step towards re-armament, and consequently towards the revision of the Constitution was made. A symptom of this effort appeared already in 1950. In his New Year's message, 1950, General MacArthur, then the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, having praised the peace-loving spirit of Japan's Constitution, declared that it did not deny the right of self-defence. And in July he ordered the establishment of the Police Reserve Force of 75,000. But still this represented only a symptom. With the signing of the San Francisco Peace Treaty (April, 1952), the real nature of this symptom became clear.

With the conclusion of the Security Treaty (1951), the Administrative Agreement (1952), and the MSA (Mutual Security Act, 1954) with America, Japan was rapidly becoming linked to the "free world." Moreover, notwithstanding the fact that the Peace Treaty between Japan and the USSR and Communist China had not yet been concluded, the virtual rearmament of Japan started. In 1952 the Police Reserve Force developed into the National Security Force and in 1954 the latter became the Self-defence Force, which was called by Yoshida, the Prime Minister, "an army without war potential." At present there are more than 180,000 members in the Self-defence Force, which is becoming fully prepared to cooperate with the American forces in Japan.

It is quite natural that during these transitions the Constitutional problem became a burning topic. There came a moment, when, under the present Constitution, it became impossible to enlarge this "army without war potential" any more. Vice-President Nixon declared, when he visited Japan in 1952, that it had been a "mistake" for America to let Japan enforce a Constitution which had not permitted armament.

In order to understand the political significance of the present Constitutional problem, it is necessary to realize that this problem arose at the very moment when the process of rearmament required "an army *with* war potential." The "Revisionists" do not always maintain openly that their purpose is rearmament, because they are fully conscious that there are many who do not wish Japan to rearm. They insist that the Constitution, which was "forced" by a foreign country, must be amended, that the extreme "individualism" of the present Constitution is perilous to the family system of Japan, and that the position of the Emperor must be exalted and so on. Of course there are some trivial defects in the present Constitution. But the legal consideration is one thing, and the political consideration another. The systematic perfection of the Constitution may be a great concern to jurists, but ordinary citizens are concerned only with how the Constitution functions in daily life, and what its amendment under the present situation means to political, economic and social life. From the latter point of view, it is evident that the real driving force behind the desire for amendment lies in the foreign policy of America.

It is of course true that the constitutional problems did not rise solely from American policy. America would be unable to advocate amendment unless there were groups in Japan willing to cooperate with her policy. What social groups in Japan agree, and what groups disagree with the amendment of the Constitution? It is difficult to draw a clear and simple conclusion from public opinion censuses. Nevertheless the main tendency is clear. The Liberal-Democrats and other conservative parties are supporting the revision but the Socialists and other progressive parties are opposing the revision. Leaders of industry are eagerly supporting the change but many professors, women, students and labourers wish to preserve the present Constitution.

Thus the reform of the Constitution cannot be accomplished unless the conservative forces in Japan gain in strength. The effort to amend the Constitution has gone hand in hand with the effort toward antidemocratization and centralization. Several features of it can be traced. Immediately after the war big financial combines were disorganized but the tendency toward the centralization of capital is now obvious. Local administration too is becoming, in several respects, much more controlled by the central government. Pensions for former soldiers, which had been abolished after the war, were revived. The members of the Board of Education, who had previously been elected by the people, began to be appointed by the local administrative offices. Students applying for positions, who admitted that they supported the Socialist Party, failed in their employment examinations. Occupational opportunities are becoming narrower and narrower for women.

If Japan amends her Constitution under these circumstances, her tendency to take the much feared "backward course" will be rapidly accelerated. Then the Japanese people will live in an increasing militaristic atmosphere and Fascism may be near at hand.

The process of rearmament is expected to bring undesirable effects also in the economic life of the Japanese people. The living standard of the Japanese is, as is well known, very low. Though production is rapidly increasing, the problem of unemployment is yet unsolved, and social security services are needed by about 10 percent of the whole population. The necessity for increasing the social security budget is obvious. If Japan begins to rearm openly, the poor will be left behind eternally, because it is hopeless for Japan to establish a "sufficient" army in the near future. What does Japan want to protect, and for whose sake, with these poor people at the bottom, and a flourishing war industry at the top?

It is difficult to imagine that rearmament under present conditions will increase the safety of Japan. On the contrary, it may endanger her safety. The increase of war potential, in cooperation with America, will be viewed as a menace by the USSR and Communist China. The further strengthening of military bases will, therefore, increase the probability of an attack on Japan. It is quite natural for the Japanese people to be reluctant to become involved in war between the Big Powers.

The trouble at Sunakawa on Oct. 12 illustrates the tense political situation in which all Japanese people find themselves. The inhabitants of Sunakawa opposed the extension of the American airbase at Tachikawa (one of the 500 and some odd American bases in Japan), because it would deprive them of their houses and farms. Many students, professors, members of trade unions and of the Socialist Party, backed them and gathered there on that day. Twenty-nine intellectuals including university professors and writers objected to the extension with a statement that it was "not only undesirable for world peace but incompatible with the intent of the Constitution." The land survey was, however, enforced. Many policemen, helmet on head and bat in hand, rushed into the crowd which was trying to prevent the survey, and about 900 people were injured. The public was informed of the event by papers, television and news-films. The tone of the press was unfavourable to the policemen and their directors. Even conservative papers blamed them, and further survey was postponed. But the problem is yet unsolved. The struggle at Sunakawa is closely connected with the feeling against the amendment of the Constitution. And that is no mere domestic problem, for it concerns Japan's relations with the whole outside world.

## Christmas at Jaipur

*Freda Hawkins*

► ON CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON in 1945, my husband and I were standing in a shady courtyard in the city of Jaipur in Rajputana — now the capital of the new state of Rajasthan. We were looking at an elephant. He was a very large elephant — ancient, leathery and of great dignity and his trappings shone in the sunlight as he descended laboriously to his knees. A small man in a neat, white turban slid down from his back and came over and salaamed to us. He said that we should find this elephant an admirable elephant. He belonged to the brother of His Highness the Maharajah and came from the Royal Palace. He was accustomed to this kind of work and had taken many sahibs of the highest rank through the city of Jaipur and out into the hills to shoot tigers.

We had no intention of going anywhere near a tiger and had only envisaged a short ride into the country. But the elephant would undertake this also and the man waved us politely toward the unsteady-looking howdah. A small crowd had gathered to see us off. With great misgiving, we climbed up and perched ourselves on the red cushions and clung for dear life to the rail, as the elephant — in a series of great sickening lurches — heaved himself to his feet. From an immense height, we waved a faint farewell to the crowd below and then hung on desperately again, as the elephant, with a vast convulsive movement, responded to the cries of the mahout, wheeled right and headed for the gate.

Swaying monotonously along a dusty country road on the back of an elephant, looking down at the passers-by, the bullock carts and loaded camels, looking out at the brown hills with their jungle trees, outcrops of rock and giant cactus bushes — might seem a restful occupation. In fact it is like riding on a perpetual earthquake, as great spasms of movement pass through the elephant's body and he plants each foot in turn heavily into the sandy soil. Unless trained to it from early childhood, dignity and composure are out of the question. As the narrow platform on which you are sitting lurches sickeningly to and fro, you can only pray that you won't fall off, for as it is such a long way down death would be instantaneous.

All this was perfectly evident that afternoon to the passers-by. They paused by their bullock carts and camels and watched us with great enjoyment — and pointed us out to others who had not observed what an entertaining sight we were. But the elephant driver saw none of it. He chatted to us in the most friendly way, as if we were sitting behind him in a particularly comfortable car. He told us about the young Maharajah who had already had several wives and twenty concubines — all living, he said airily, in palaces round about. He told us about the present Maharajah who was so beautiful and up-to-date — and about the tigers who only appeared after sunset and must be preserved for hunting and not killed by ordinary people. "One dead tiger — two years in jail" he remarked casually. He told us about the Maharajah's father who had taken a small plot of Indian earth to the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh so that he could sit on it and eat his meals without fear of contamination. Hours passed by. It was hot and dusty and we seemed to be very little further along the sandy road. Sick and shaken we were praying that it would end soon. Then, without warning, a mighty convulsion shook the elephant. There was an exclamation from the driver, we wheeled to the left and suddenly we seemed to be bounding along another road, making for one of the seven gateways of the city. It wasn't a gallop or a trot, but the earthquake got

much worse and we were heaved and tossed about as if in a violent storm. The bullock carts scattered and even the driver seemed preoccupied. The elephant shot through the city gate and we caught a shaken glimpse of a wide street, with pink houses and a great many people. Then suddenly he stopped dead. We were brought up with a jerk, the street came into focus and a strange immobility came over everything. There was a long pause; the driver sat still and we looked around us, mystified. Then suddenly there was a crash of mighty waters hitting the hard surface of the road — and we understood what was happening. The elephant, too, had found the afternoon much too long.

Ten minutes later we were walking through the bazaars. With a show of reluctance, we had declined the pleasure of riding back to our hotel and had watched the elephant, serene and indifferent once more, slowly move through the crowds in the direction of the Palace. As the numbness passed from our limbs, we began to feel pleased and then delighted that we had decided to spend our Christmas leave in Jaipur. For it was a most beautiful and charming city. Down the wide streets, flowed a wonderful procession of men on horseback, packs of donkeys, enormous camels with bells under their chins and pretty little carts with canopies and curtains to keep the high-born purdah ladies in perfect concealment. The pavements were thronged with small, neatly turbaned men, and women with wide, swinging skirts of red and green and orange with bangles round their ankles. The houses were tall and narrow with little carved balconies and small latticed windows to keep out the sun and dust — and, like the temples and palaces, they were all painted a warm pink, so that the city seemed to glow in the late afternoon sun.

We wandered along through the crowds, looking at this shop and that, tempted by beautiful saris and shawls, by silver bangles and bracelets. We bought two of the full billowing skirts which the women wore so gracefully — they were very cheap and were made of stiff, shiny cotton and were tied round the middle with string. Then we turned into a narrow, shady street and came, quite by accident, upon a different and more elegant kind of shop. We walked through a gateway into a courtyard where a little group of men were sitting crossed-legged on the ground under a large tree, each bent over a small object and concentrating on a complicated design. One of them got up and escorted us without explanation up some steps and through one dark room after another — each full of displays of brass and metal work — plates and dishes and ornaments of every shape and kind, from minute, decorated boxes and little hand-bells to enormous brass trays and things that looked like gongs and scimitars. It had the cool and silent air of a museum or an antique dealer whose wares are too valuable and too permanent to be disturbed. But in one of the rooms, our eye was caught by a peacock plate with a lovely and delicate design of flowers in lavender and blue and gold — and by a box adorned with green elephants chasing each other through the jungle.

Bearing these away, we walked back to our hotel. It was still Christmas Day, and the affable hotel manager had said that there was to be a special Christmas dinner in our honour — and music even possibly an orchestra. Later that night, a special horse-drawn carriage had been ordered to take us on a ride through Jaipur by moonlight. We were looking forward to these entertainments and wondered about the music — thinking that it might perhaps be some individual performer on the sitar or some other instrument. Perhaps in Rajputana, he would play folk songs — the songs of camel drivers and snake charmers and martial men. The hotel was very small and very restful to travellers. We had our meals in a white room with a stone floor and a dais at one side.

The only other guests were two middle-aged American colonels and at eight o'clock the four of us took our places for dinner. On the dais was a strange gathering of musicians and instruments. The sitar was there and some drums, pipes and two violins. One of the violinists, a young man and obviously the leader of the orchestra, smiled at us warmly, as if confident that we were going to have a very special treat. The manager appeared and wished us a Happy Christmas and the concert began.

The room was small and the music very loud. At first it seemed as if it must be some wild Rajputana lament — the skirl of bagpipes and the lashing of drums mingling with the frenzied scraping of violins. But gradually our battered eardrums detected something horribly familiar. It came and went. Just when you thought you had caught it, there was a great shriek from one of the violins and it was lost. A look of frozen, diplomatic geniality had come over the faces of the American colonels, but one of them, observing how baffled we were, leaned slightly toward us and spoke softly. "O Come All Ye Faithful," he said.

## A Short Digest of a Long Novel

*Robert Amory Mills*

► THE MAN WHO RAN the inn was fat. His clothes were stained and there was an odor in them and his brown beard was stained with red lines from the heavy wine. He sat six more pitchers on the long table.

"I don't want any more," said the young man on his right.

"Take it," he said. "It will warm you."

"I'm not cold."

"Drink it. There's more."

"Drink up," said someone down the table. "It's cheap enough."

"It's bad enough," said someone else.

The other men laughed. "Take it, Harry. You'll need it," they said. "It will be a long walk back to your city tomorrow."

"I'm not going back tomorrow," said Harry.

The innkeeper raised his leg over the bench and sat down with his guests. His fat stained hands surrounded the pitcher and he made bad sounds in this throat when he gulped the wine.

"You'll go back tomorrow," he said, "like all the others. You'll pay up and swear at the soldiers behind their backs and then you'll get drunk. But you'll go back."

"I don't care," said Harry. "This taxing is treachery."

The innkeeper laughed. "Life is treachery. Taxing is life."

Everyone at the table laughed except Harry. "Have some more wine, Harry. Forget the taxing," they said.

"I don't want any more. I want to go home."

"Your troubles are unimportant," said the innkeeper. "Look at them people up from the south. The wench is got herself a kid in her and she's got the pains. I don't think they could pay for a bed if I had one."

"They can have my room," said Harry, looking into his pitcher.

"They're all right," said the man next to Harry.

"I did the best I could. I put them up in the barn," said the innkeeper. "She's pretty good. That girl's all right. Some of the women are with her."

"Has she got the pains?"

"She's got them all right."

"Listen," said Harry, "let them have my room. I have a cousin who has a farm outside the city . . ."

"They have no money to pay me, anyway."

"I will pay for the room."

"Oh, sure, Harry, have some more wine and you can pay for all the rooms. Tomorrow you will be a poor man like the rest of us."

"This taxing . . ."

A man at the end of the table was very drunk. He suddenly threw his wine pitcher on the floor and the red lines darted across the room. "This is not fit for your pigs," he said.

"It is good wine," said the innkeeper, hurt.

"Is it?" He dipped a candle into his friend's pitcher and the blue flames shot up. "Is it?"

"It is old. It is aged."

"It is swill."

"I made it myself."

Harry pushed his pitcher away from him. "I don't want any more."

"Oh, drink it, Harry."

"No."

The door in the back came open and a cold wind made the flames shudder above the candles. A young man came inside and he was clapping his hands together.

"Is the kid here yet?" asked the innkeeper.

The young man looked up grimly. "No. My woman has not yet delivered."

Someone laughed. "Your woman."

"A girl with a woman's body," said another.

The young man flushed despite his cold face. "My espoused wife," he said, quietly.

"Well, it isn't quite the same, you know."

"Oh, have some wine," said the innkeeper.

"Thank you. I don't want any."

"Have some," said Harry. "I will pay for it."

"No, thank you."

"Suit yourself."

"How is the wench doing," someone asked.

"The woman is all right. She is good. The pains are good."

"Ha! The pains are never good."

The man who was very drunk got up and walked over to the young man with the cold face. "Say, she's okay. She's all right. Good-looker, too, you old hound."

"Listen, it is not what you think."

"Sure, sure, no need to explain anything to us." He turned his head slightly and winked at the others. "We're your friends. Old Harry here even wanted to give you his room."

The young man looked at Harry. "Thank you. But it won't be necessary."

"I don't mind," said Harry.

"Oh, suit yourselves," said the innkeeper. "As long as I get my money."

"You'll get your money." Harry looked at the young man.

"Can we move her?"

"I, I don't know."

"Let's go find out."

Harry started to get up but the innkeeper had his hand on his shoulder. "Let me see my money first. And for the wine, too."

"I did not drink your filthy wine."

"You drank enough of it."

"I will pay you in the morning."

"You'll pay me now. Or the bastard'll be born in the barn and you'll be his first bed-partner."

"Now, wait a minute . . ."

They had risen along with their voices and the young man stepped between them. "Listen, it's better to leave things as they are. She's not—uncomfortable."

"She will have my room."



THE MAN IN THE FUR CAP—James Agrell Smith

### War and Peace

O God it was hot there all red  
after the cool blue of the lake,  
the blue so cool and restful it  
gave us the willies till we left.  
Each dull day this first damned furlough  
in fifteen months crawled on hot skin  
like a drunken flea until that  
hill-hiked hour we found the narrow guage  
scratched in Himalayan backsides  
all the way from Indo-China.

Hell bound, we hopped the crowded toy  
that snailed a mile up the old bald  
mountain above the lake, and above  
the ordered paradise where rest  
was manufactured. We rode until  
the iron dog had eaten all  
but the last yard and found ourselves  
where weary time lay with the hills  
and bore flocks of bastard daughters,  
lovely as peace, not a hundred yards  
from the shifty house at the end  
of the battle. O how our dirty  
uniforms sounded cymbals that  
clashed with the quiet air all hushed  
between the mud brown houses! We  
had our feast of meat and beans, boxed  
cheese and crackers, and ordered  
China tea to add a wisp of  
elegance set down beside our  
cans of C's. But what really cut  
for each of us was the quiet  
eye of a girl no more than sixteen  
who stood not a dozen feet away  
her clean arms and hands mixing the  
stuffing soon to be packed and tied  
into links of Chinese sausage.

*Joseph B. Axenroth.*

### Recollections for the Machine-Age

The sternest, calmest faces I have known  
Were in the baking dust the wind had blown,  
Beneath the hills, where all the white-hot plain  
Suffused the passionate soberness of Spain.

And I have seen, on faces struck with spray,  
Round rock-glass eyes, the water stream away.  
In stunt-tree moors, the Breton steeples slept,  
Which half a hemisphere of gales had swept.

Our oldest races have that free, hard stare  
Of toil become a life and unaware;  
And in their faces are forever set  
The deep, bold lines of etching-acid sweat.

Such strength, if favored, might have joined the Great,  
But would not stir the heart to emulate.  
Why can no nobleness hope to replace  
The hewn appearance of a worn-out face?

*John Hatfield.*

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39 CHARLES ST. W. TORONTO 5

"No, I don't think she will!"

"All right," Harry said, "all right." He grabbed the wine pitcher and flung it in the innkeeper's face and at the same instant the innkeeper's fist smashed into Harry's open mouth. The young man threw his arms about the innkeeper but the fat man was too strong and he broke free and somehow managed to snatch the young man's collar in one hand and Harry's in the other and dragged them across the room and shoved them both out the back door.

"Goddamn it, nobody sleeps in the room!" he screamed, and slammed the door. He went back to the table and up-righted Harry's pitcher. The front door flung open and a small stable boy came running in.

"He's here!" he shouted. "It's a boy!"

"Good. Serves 'em right," said the innkeeper, sitting down. "That's fine. Another poor sonuvabitch to pay his taxes. Go tell those fools outside. Tell them I hope they're all very happy together." He put his big arm across the shoulders of the man next to him. "Have some of my old, aged wine, my friend. On me."

## Canadian Opera

► CONTEMPORARY OPERAS, with very few exceptions, have had difficulty establishing themselves as significant musical landmarks in cultural patterns of today. The form which opera takes seems opposed to the predominant artistic strains in current musical idiom. Public taste responds to and often approves the numerous experiments in other fields of musical art, but there is something about opera as a modern art-form that strains credibility. Year after year we express our enthusiasm for opera on the grand scale, for an *Aida* or a *Tosca*, but our response in this direction is essentially nostalgic, a backward glance to a Golden Age. We seem reluctant to acknowledge opera as a valid artistic means of expressing contemporary conflicts. We continue to be impressed by the grand manner of a Verdi or a Wagner or a Richard Strauss, but that manner, if adapted to contemporary operatic idiom, would seem both anachronistic and unintelligible. Can opera outside the tradition of "grand" survive?

Numerous attempts in our own century have been made to revive the dying tradition; but more numerous—and more interesting—have been attempts to modify the tradition, to abstract its excellences, to make it more of a piece with current artistic trends. Eloquence of musical statement and credibility of dramatic action are requisites of any successful operatic work, tragic or comic. Berg, Britten, and Menotti, though writing in very different musical idioms, have achieved this necessary blend of operatic elements within distinctly contemporary dramatic situations. Sir William Walton's recent *Troilus and Cressida* has given a new musical vitality to an age-old myth, and Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* has adapted a twentieth-century neo-classic tonality to the Hogarthian milieu of mid-eighteenth-century English society. Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, perhaps the most eminently successful of "operatic" ventures of the twentieth century, has informed the elements of folk-opera with a musical language admirably geared to the dramatic demands. In short, there is an indecision among our composers concerning the nature of twentieth-century opera as a musical and dramatic form.

Maurice Blackburn's *Une Mesure de Silence* and Harry Somers' *The Fool*, given their stage premieres on November 17th, last, under the aegis of Canadian Musical Associates (Ontario) in co-operation with the Canadian League of Composers, bring Canada's voice into the contemporary operatic debate. Mr. Blackburn's work, comic in mood, and

Mr. Somers', tragic in theme, are one-act pieces better adapted to the television medium or to the intimate theatre than to the vast recesses of the "opera house." The grand manner of opera has given way, as it has in Menotti's work, to a compressed organization of dramatic themes supported by a music which, while highly derivative, never loses its own particular identity. Mr. Blackburn's Molieresque plot and Mr. Somers' mediaeval setting are given a sense of contemporaneity by the texture and idiom of the music; but there remains a fundamental disparity between structure and expression, more noticeable perhaps in the tragic than in the comic work. Both composers have used the traditional aria, duet, trio, to excellent advantage, Mr. Blackburn following a fairly conventional pattern, Mr. Somers inventively employing choral and antiphonal effects in voices and orchestra to give an added complexity and richness to his total score.

*Une Mesure de Silence*, attractively staged by Jean Gascon, and rigorously conducted by Charles Reiner from the accompanying piano, derives its title from the silent measures (both literal and musical) taken by the pretty Martine to prevail upon her miserly husband Antonin to buy her a new dress. Upon his refusal she pretends to be stricken deaf and dumb, a strangely infectious malady which for various reasons of dramatic convenience spreads to her husband and to their neighbour Bobino, an aspiring photographer who also appears disguised as a doctor. The situation is closer to broad farce than it is to comedy; but the dénouement is charmingly contrived and, among the numerous adjustments, Martine gets her new dress. The French libretto of Marthe Blackburn, the composer's wife, is sprightly in its registration of aria and ensemble and achieves a neat balance and proportion throughout, and Mr. Blackburn's music achieves a finely varied and expressive melodic line. In his vocal writing, which is predominantly lyrical, the composer exploits the full range of his singers, and makes the most of his opportunities for parodying the dramatic tricks of trilling prima donnas and upstaging tenors. His handling of thematic motif in aria and ensemble is deft at the same time as it is frivolous and frolicsome. Claire Gagnier's flexible lyric voice and Yoland Guerard's fine baritone were ideally suited to the music, while the agile tenor of Jean-Paul Jeanotte as the photographer-doctor Bobino gave admirable vocal support. When the three principals appear daguerrotype-fashion within a rococo gilt frame for the closing trio, the wit and sparkle of the music and the closely interwoven vocal lines blend into a thoroughly entertaining piece of operatic *divertissement*.

Mr. Somers' *The Fool*, in an English libretto by Michael Fram, has as its setting a mediaeval royal court and tells the story of the court jester, a beloved protégé of his royal master and mistress, and of his intention to fly from the castle tower. Neither the King nor the Queen nor the Lady-in-Waiting enamoured of the young fool can discover the motivation for such a suicidal act. From the Fool's soliloquy we learn that his real motive is his desire to attain perfect freedom in flight. The King tries to reason with him and ultimately to restrain him but to no avail, and the Fool leaps from the tower to his death. According to the librettist's statement in the program notes, the intention was "to create an opera of few characters which would have the simplicity and clarity of a Greek tragedy, and which would be, in somewhat the same way as Greek tragic myth, meaningful and absorbing upon several different levels to the modern Canadian audience." There is an allegorical or symbolic dimension to the plot, and we are reminded of additional strata by one of the flatter lines intoned by the King and the Lady-in-Waiting: "There is more to this than I can see." Among other things the King represents a Creon-like reason

and tyranny as opposed to the Fool's embodiment of imagination, laughter, and personal freedom. The King sees the flight from the tower as politically dangerous and disruptive; the Fool sees his element of laughter as "dangerous to tyrants . . . and to hypocrites." The Queen and the Lady-in-Waiting are presumed to fit into the scheme, but the main conflict is between the Fool and his royal master. This is not the stuff of operatic plots and no amount of modifying or rearranging will ever admit this element of rational disquisition into operatic libretto. Nor by any kind of rationalization could Mr. Fram's method be related to that of the Greek tragedians.

The musical score of *The Fool* does much, however, to release the listener from the ponderousness of the libretto. Scored for the four ranges of human voice, five strings, four woodwinds, and piano, Mr. Somers' work is remarkable for its vitality and its inventiveness. At home in many varied musical styles, he utilizes his numerous resources to the best amplification and intensification of the dramatic situation. From the first mournful and ominous notes of the cello through the sensuous effects of the violins and woodwinds and the percussiveness of the piano to the blending of distinguishing themes or *leit-motifs* of the solo voices, the music achieves a good balance by means of traditional aria and ensemble and expert contrapuntal writing. Mr. Somers' highly stylized vocal writing is in accordance with his theory that the vocal line is "determined by natural speech inflection." Consequently it ranges from *recitative* and a modified *sprechstimme* to choral chant and sung line, described by the composer as "the high point of feeling." His emphasis upon the importance of word and voice is admirable, but it is often defeated by his method of having two or three voices declaiming simultaneously over a heavy orchestration. The Queen's impressive monologue is disturbingly punctuated by the King's and the Lady's "Where is my judgment and my strength" chanted in unison, and certainly indicating more strength than judgment. The experimentation, despite some unfortunate lack of vocal balance in this performance, is interesting both as a means of dramatic characterization and as a means of giving a new variety to vocal intervals.

The premiere performance of *The Fool*, brilliantly staged by Herman Geiger-Torel and ably conducted by Victor Feldbrill (whose musicians would have been heard to greater advantage in an orchestra pit), was sympathetically and understandably sung by Mary Morrison as the Lady-in-Waiting, Phyllis Mailing as the Queen, Ernest Adams as The Fool, and Andrew MacMillan as the King. In recitative, solo, and ensemble, all four principals acquitted themselves admirably of an intricately conceived musical score, and gave a real degree of dramatic validity to their individual characterizations.

GEORGE FALLE

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## Music Review

► ALTHOUGH MOZART'S MUSIC does show some variety of idiom (rising mainly from his divided allegiance to German and Italian or to folk and court material), and although the musical texture of one of his works may differ in emphasis from that of another, in the main Mozart has not given us a series of markedly independent works, each forming an organized and characteristic world of its own. Mozart's symphonies differ from each other less in kind than in degree. His works are all more or less adequate specimens of a homogeneous body of music, which we call Mozart and to which we give our allegiance. To the inquiry "do you like Wagner?" the modern reply is likely to be: "I can enjoy *Die Meistersinger*, but I find *The Ring* repellent" (or in a few instances, *vice versa*). Mozart's music does not provoke such a divided response. A preference for one work does not make it harder to like another. Perfect Mozartians are a dime a dozen these days; the perfect Wagnerite may exist (although Bernard Shaw's book of that name discusses nothing but *The Ring*), but he will need a strong will to avoid civil war.

No doubt Beethoven and Berlioz had something to do with it, but I suspect that the key figure in the change from Mozart to Wagner is Schumann, whose centennial this issue gives me a last chance to celebrate, even if only in passing. In Schumann the "characteristic" piece reaches full flower. Such a piece, after it has been written, demands not a number in series but a special name to define its unique world. If it should combine with other characteristic pieces to form a suite, Schumann may be able to account for the whole only by assuming the combined efforts of two quite different creators, Florestan and Eusebius. Perhaps Wagner should have assumed the same. At any rate, his critics tell us that one of his greatest errors of taste was alluding to a theme from *Tristan* in *Die Meistersinger*. He made the mistake of transplanting a Moon-dweller to Saturn or Mercury. Whereas Handel's works take in one another's dirty linen without stylistic incongruity, Wagner's unique worlds are built of uninterchangeable materials.

But what is true of a Wagner work in its totality is true in a different way of the leading motives out of which it is built. Lawrence Gilman once pointed out that Wagner's themes were notable not so much for their originality or expressiveness as for their saliency. You may like them or not, but, once heard, they stick in the mind. There is no alternative to the "Walsung" theme or the "Hunding" theme, or to Tristan's "Ach, Isolde." These things are simply what they are, unmistakable, unavoidable. But the particular theme which begins the "second subject" of a Mozart first movement is not the only possible choice for the job. It is no archetype. In fact, some of one's pleasure in a Mozart movement comes from the recognition that the theme which fulfills a recognized function in the form is one chosen out of an infinite number of possibilities waiting in the seed-bed of the composer's mind. Mozart has chosen this one, and there is a real choice. But there could be no choice between Wagner motives; they are incommensurable, less musical themes which may be judged than musical facts which cannot be denied. We may call them, to use a familiar term with a fresh load of meaning, *idées fixes*.

All the same, even if the *idée fixe* may differ from the Mozartian theme, they could both be included under a definition of "theme" like the following by Tovey: "a single musical statement recognizable apart from its original context and capable of maintaining its identity through processes of development and transformation." The identity of a Wagner motive (of the kind I have mentioned) may be

more archetypal than that of a Mozart theme, but the identity of both is maintained; it persists throughout the work. Development does not become radical change of identity. But, if the nineteenth century saw the rise of the *idée fixe*, it also saw the rise of its opposite number the germ-motive, which is a shape-shifter and identity-changer of the most slippery kind. And this second tradition is even more important for contemporary music than the first.

The three-note ascending chromatic scale which plays such an important part in the first movement of Brahms' *First Symphony* has no real existence at all as a theme; it is a kind of cell which can belong to different organs in the body of the movement; it grows and proliferates, and the movement grows with it. Such a germ-motive is conveniently short, but longer ones are by no means unusual. In Wagner (who is a test case for both the traditions I am describing) some leading motives give rise to a series of parallel motives, each with a kind of separate identity. Siegfried's horn-call goes through a metamorphic sequence, growing up with Siegfried himself; but the great transformation in *The Ring* occurs between scenes one and two of *Das Rheingold* when before our very ears the "Ring" motive transforms itself step by step into the "Valhalla" motive, both of which maintain a separate identity from that moment on. For the German composer after Brahms and Wagner the germ-motive tradition was an ever-present temptation to a sort of thematic inbreeding, by which (as in Schönberg's *First String Quartet*) everything seems to be derived from everything else for no particular reason.

The texture of modern music exists between the two traditions I have been outlining: between the *idée fixe* and the germ-motive, the archetypal and the organic. If Stravinsky's music belongs predominantly to the first tradition and Schönberg's to the second, Bartok's exhibits a kind of unresolved (though fruitful) allegiance to both which may make him more representative of twentieth century music than either of his rivals. At any rate, anyone who wishes to hear works which not merely are exceptionally fine in their own right but have a peculiar centrality within the music of the recent past must rejoice that the Vegh Quartet (in a series of superb performances) has recorded Bartok's six string quartets on three Angel LP's, and thereby made available for repeated listening a group of works which stand at the centre of Bartok's own output.

The first three quartets are impressive in some ways (particularly the *Second*), but the last three are certainly the meat of the series. The *Fourth* is the germ-motive quartet *par excellence*. The pyramid motive with which it begins (three notes up and three down) dominates the first and fifth movements, going through an extraordinary variety of transformations, to the delight of Halsey Stevens, whose chapter on Bartok's quartets is distributed with each record. The themes of the fourth movement repeat with subtle variation the themes of the second, which are themselves mainly of pyramid shape. This leaves the intensely static third movement at the top of the pyramid formed by the structure of the whole work. Undoubtedly Bartok's *Fourth Quartet* is an extraordinary *tour de force*, but I would hesitate to call it, as Halsey Stevens does, "the summit of his constructive genius." Mr. Stevens, as I remarked in reviewing his book two years ago, is too enthralled by the very doubtful assumption that musical construction is equivalent to thematic inbreeding. Myself, I suspect that it is closer to the imitation of an action.

Although the *Fifth Quartet* uses some of the methods I have been observing in the *Fourth* (such as the parallelism between the first and fifth, and between the second and fourth, movements), Mr. Stevens rightly emphasizes "the separability of its materials" and even speaks (with some

puzzlement) of "comparatively irrelevant material" in the first movement. But such "separability" does not, for me, need justification; it simply indicates that Bartok has moved a few (very few, mind you) steps from the tradition of the germ-motive toward that of the *idée fixe*. Such steps do not mean a falling away from the mastery of the *Fourth Quartet*. Indeed, my personal opinion places the *Fifth* at the top of Bartok's quartets.

The *Sixth Quartet* is bound together by an *idée fixe* of unchanging identity, which is stated with increasing fullness at the beginning of each of the first three movements and is fully developed in the fourth (and final) movement. Although there are some nostalgic reminiscences in the last movement, the motives which occur after each introduction generally stick to their own movement, and, even within an individual movement, there is no attempt to bring the material together into a single family. The two main motives of the first movement could hardly be more different, and indeed I wonder if sometimes the motives are not almost as much archetypal as germinal. Here the two traditions are in healthy equilibrium, and Bartok gives us some of his most bitter as well as some of his most resigned and poignant music.

MILTON WILSON

## Radio and Television

► DURING THE LATE nineteen twenties Winnipeg was on the route of a travelling culture carnival called *Chautauqua*. Every summer this group of performers would pitch their tents in one of the outlying fields back of Eaton's Groceteria, and if you purchased a season ticket for one dollar, it would admit you to a whole series of programs, morning, afternoon, and evening, every day for a whole week.

My friends and I took this seriously in the manner of ten-year-olds; we would regularly pack our lunches and eat them on the premises in order to be sure of taking in every performance.

I was reminded of this recently when I packed my supper tray, carried it down to the basement, and settled myself in front of the television set along with my children. There I remained from four-thirty to six-thirty, for two solid hours of juvenile entertainment, which more or less followed the pattern laid down by *Chautauqua* twenty-five years ago.

I saw television versions of a children's pantomime (Howdy Doody), a beautiful ballet dancer (Storytime), a handsome male charmer with an inspirational message (Peppermint Prince), a talented piano player and a boy soprano (Mr. O). Later in the week I renewed my acquaintance with Maggie Muggins and Beth Gillanders' *Hidden Pages*.

And this is not to mention the host of lone rangers, foreign legions, Wild Bill Hickocks and Robin Hoods, which burst weekly onto the television screen with the brilliant éclat of a gun fired off into the air, a horse rearing on its hind legs, or an arrow flying through the verdant reaches of the New Forest.

I suppose this group of programs, charged with action and loaded with intrigue, serves as the opiate of the little people, the sigh of those suppressed. I cannot take seriously the parental concern that children may be corrupted by these adventure stories. Most adults don't even know what goes on when the Lone Ranger rides again. I can't quite get it straight myself, but every time I look he's got the teams divided, with the bad guys rustling cattle, parading (falsely) as benefactors of the frontier town, and finally being vanquished by the good guys.

I prefer Wild Bill Hickock and his hoarse-voiced side-kick, Jingles. Wild Bill's favorite trick (and it's a wonder

the bad guys haven't caught on yet) is to ambush the bad guys into a pile of rocks, then hoist himself to the uppermost pinnacle, and jump down with a deadly accuracy which lands him on the back of the devil's advocate. They wrestle, virtue proves mighty and prevails, and meanwhile a good time has been had by all.

Then there's the circus serial. In case any adult thinks his own affairs are complicated, let him take in a few chapters of circus life. He'll find out that lions get afflicted with sinus trouble, that elephants slowly sicken almost unto death with arsenic poisoning, and that the lot of the old keeper is not a happy one, while science is by no means everything when it comes to making a correct diagnosis.

Of all these serials, *Robin Hood* is the best. It is well written, and well acted, and has pleasant background music, although the political intrigues are sometimes overly complicated. *Captain Gallant of the Foreign Legion* is undoubtedly the worst—specializing in heavy sex interest, slinky casbah dancers, and skulking Arabs. I think the CBC should take a second look at Captain Gallant.

As for individual Canadian programs, my own favorites have long been *Mr. O* and *Hidden Pages*. *Mr. O* is a first rate musical program with David Ouchterlony, the Keogh puppets, and an engaging boy soprano. *Mr. O* is original in that he always chooses good, often contemporary, music, and neglects that which is conventional, sentimental and facile. Many artists make the mistake of thinking that only obvious music can be entertaining; but *Mr. O*, a kind of sedate, Scottish, children's Fats Waller, has too much respect for children and love for music to fall into that trap. His attitude to children is all one could wish—relaxed, unpatronizing, and free of sentimentality.

Miss Gillanders, a librarian, has much the same attitude. She chooses well-written stories, some of them off the beaten track, and she reads them in a way which shows she likes them herself. Perhaps this demonstrates that people who are well-trained in their professions, and have conviction about what they do, have more to offer children than those who come merely as performers or script writers. I imagine that *Howdy Doody*, utterly harmless as it is, is the product of those who are well-versed in show business and little else.

I am not happy with *Maggie Muggins*, although the children seem to enjoy it. The young actress who plays Maggie is wholesome and good-hearted; Mr. McGarrity looks just like his name, the puppets are very skillfully manipulated, and the whole production is a technical delight. It is the attitude to life and to children which I am critical of. In one of her exchanges with Mr. McGarrity, Maggie asks him what her name means. He answers that it means "pearl," whereupon she exclaims out of the falsest feminine vanity: "Oh, then I'm a jewel!"

Much the same attitude operates in *Peppermint Prince*, a series with many good things in it, chief among which is the prince himself, John Chapell. Small children also seem to enjoy this program, but I am troubled by the morality of it, which works against what I believe to be the needs of children.

There is a playful rabbit and a non-conforming little airplane, neither of whom is willing to obey parental authority. They keep saying "I won't," and "I don't want to," and this lands them into some serious trouble on top of a mountain, a long way from home. Finally they are rescued, and out of gratitude, resolve never to say "I won't" again. Peppermint Prince admonishes in the most cajoling tone: "And you won't ever say I won't again, will you?"

I think this is taking unfair advantage of the pre-schoolers. It tries to indoctrinate them with an emotional pattern which serves the convenience of parents, but denies the essential need of every child to express his negative reaction to

parental requirements, at least verbally. We certainly expect the child to go to bed, get dressed, and meet other limits set by us. Should we expect the child to like it because he has to do it?

Children need the freedom to feel both ways—to feel and claim the *I won't* in themselves as well as to feel and own the *I will*; but how are they ever going to attain this freedom if the Peppermint Prince and Maggie Muggins keep persuading them not only to be good, but to think good?

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

## Books Reviewed

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION: Arnold Toynbee; Oxford; pp. 318; \$5.00.

This is unquestionably the most exciting set of Gifford Lectures since Reinhold Niebuhr's prophetic utterances (also at Edinburgh) in 1939 on "The Nature and Destiny of Man." Our current return to dogma and orthodoxies of various kinds has made it difficult to find men who can deal creatively with Natural Theology. It requires a thorough mastery both of traditional religious doctrine and of some related field of culture, combined with imaginative boldness in generalization. Toynbee has the qualifications for a natural theologian as few others have had for some time, and these lectures seem to be the proper and even inevitable summary of his remarkable career.

The first part, which summarizes sections of *The Study of History*, is a brilliantly planned and closely written survey of the development of religion in human history. Its plan, which so far as I know is original, is a very marked advance on the methods of organization used by Soderblom, Oman, Farmer and other recent writers, and will probably turn out to be the most valuable thing in the book. The second part of the volume concerns Religion in a Westernizing World and is less original and more discursive, yet it will probably arouse more immediate interest.

The differences of opinion between Prof. Toynbee and the Jewish community have received some attention. I am content to stand back and listen, though I must admit that I think some of the opinions about the Jews expressed in this book a little one-sided. This is partly because Toynbee is very much a Greek in his own background, and if he says some hard things about the Jews, modern Protestant theologians, in their defence of the Jewish point of view, have said far worse things about the Greeks. Again, it needs to be said that Toynbee's long matured style of utter-



WINTER--Julius Griffith

## Books for Christmas

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A discussion of modern knowledge and religion. In this volume, seven Canadian scientists and scholars discuss significant developments during the last fifty years in the sciences, philosophy and theology. The authors claim that the religious thought of our time cannot be understood apart from its scientific, philosophical and social milieu.

ance with its massive generalizations, leads to an appearance of dogmatism which probably is "an effect of compression in the writing, not of illusions in the writer's mind."

Toynbee distributes his favors widely and does not spare his own kind. This willingness to accept controversy brings great gains, for it enables him to write with remarkable clarity about subjects usually hedged about with systematic ambiguities. He is a clear thinker and a writer with a sense of style and a lively imagination, but his book illustrates the fact that lack of intelligence is a less frequent cause of obscurity than lack of courage. Whether or not one agrees, what Toynbee wants to say is unmistakably clear.

These Gifford Lectures will be regarded as evidence of the return to theological discussion of a liberal spirit that has been partly under a cloud for a quarter of a century, but Toynbee is not subject to the criticisms of liberalism which have become current. He is not unduly optimistic about human nature, nor yet about human destiny. He speaks frequently about sin, almost as frequently about Original Sin, which he identifies with self-centeredness, and his telescopic studies of history have long cured him of the habit of thinking in terms of inevitable progress. Indeed he can be darkly apocalyptic, and the major practical warning of the book is against the advent of a world-wide welfare state which will be the next idol of humanity to which we will be called to sacrifice our freedom and integrity.

The nature of Toynbee's liberalism is best seen in his attitude to dogma. Like Harnack, he regards the development of traditional Christian dogma as a regrettable translation of essential religion into the alien and now outmoded terminology of Greek metaphysics. He calls for a separation of the partners but warns against any new union between the gospel and modern Western science. For him the heart of all higher religions is a doctrine expressed in prophetic vision, or in poetry which flashes up out of the subconscious. It is wrong to try to reduce this poetry and prophecy to science, because science is only the cumulative charting of the continually changing picture of the surface of things. But on the other hand he implies that the uniqueness and the particularity of each prophetic vision is something that must be sacrificed to the timelessness and unity of truth. It is the refusal to sacrifice form to content that arouses Toynbee's angry outbursts against any form of particularity in religion. Revelation, he seems to feel, *must* be the revelation of timeless truths, the higher religions *must* be brought into agreement with one another.

In his last chapter he describes—very truly, I think—the process by which the higher religions are bound to grow side by side in the modern world, like the wheat and the tares in the gospel harvest, and how all will be put to a severe practical test in the next chapter of the world's history where "it looks as if the continued progress of Technology were going to make our sufferings more acute than ever before, and our sins more devastating in their practical consequences . . . If we do not feel that we can afford to wait for Time to do its discriminating work, we are confessing to a lack of faith in the truth and value of the religion that happens to be ours."

*Donald Mathers.*

**THE LIGHT AND THE FLAME, MODERN KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGION:** edited by R. C. Chalmers and John A. Irving; Ryerson Press; pp. 143; \$3.50.

This book is a collection of essays by Canadian writers, three of whom are scientists, one a professional philosopher, and three theologians. It is pointed out in the Foreword that the intellectual atmosphere of our time is so different from that which prevailed when Christian beliefs were definitely formulated that the connection between Christian theology

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*By R. A. D. FORD*

A book of poetry about the North and the South. The author, now head of the European Division of the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa, has been influenced by both the feminine grace of Rio-de-Janeiro and the hard masculinity of Moscow. He has been posted to both these places.

and modern knowledge has seemed to become increasingly tenuous. The ambitious aim of these essays is to bring the two closer together and, in the words of the editors, "to depict, philosophy and religion as interwoven themes."

One of the difficulties facing those who attempt this important task is that experts in the various departments of modern knowledge are seldom experts in theology and vice versa. It is for this reason, no doubt, that the three scientists and the philosopher who contribute to this volume content themselves with reports on the contemporary situations in their various fields, simply stating at the end that here is a "challenge" and an "opportunity" for theology. These reports are in themselves clear and interesting, but it would have been helpful to have the writers' views on the precise nature of the challenge and the opportunity.

Two of the theologians do take up the challenge provided by psychology and modern social movements and ideologies; as a result, the essays by Drs. Taylor and Grant of Union College, British Columbia, are the most stimulating in the book. But nothing is said, from the theological side, about the problems raised by the physical and biological sciences and by modern philosophy, while the last essay, to which was assigned the imposing and essential task of relating Christian theology and modern knowledge in general fails either to elucidate or to come to grips with the main issues.

*D. R. G. Owen*

**NATIONALISM AND COMMUNISM IN EAST ASIA:**  
by W. Macmahon Ball; 2nd edition, 1956; Macmillan;  
\$5.75.

This is revised edition of a book first published in 1952 the value of which had already been evidenced by a reprinting. Revision has consisted in including an account of changes that have occurred during the last four years. The author modestly disclaims expert knowledge either of the

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NEW VOICES: Canadian University

Writing, 1956

Foreword by JOSEPH McCULLEY

Last winter university students across the country were invited to submit entries for an anthology of the best student writing of the year. *New Voices* contains the best of the stories and poems submitted and is presented in the hope that the early promise of these young writers will be fulfilled.

region as a whole or of any part of it. His work has consisted in a methodical arrangement of the facts, a dispassionate analysis of them, and an interpretation of underlying forces. This is precisely what the ordinary reader wants.

The interpretation is that a three-fold revolution has taken place: against imperialism, against abject poverty and against racial inequality. The timing of this revolution was determined by the second world war, in particular by Pearl Harbour and Singapore. Some areas were more ready for it than others.

Imperialism may have served, and have been serving, a useful purpose if only in providing the authoritarian element in government essential for economic development. But, as the author tells us, relatively little attention was paid to social welfare. In the West too, economic development has preceded social welfare and the change of emphasis has been accompanied by the growth of political democracy. Colonialism retarded this growth, though it has at times prepared the way for it. Communism offers a short cut to economic development and a theoretical basis for the authoritarianism necessary for its attainment and, perhaps, for the postponement of social welfare. Its appeal is naturally strongest where imperialism has not prepared the way for its own abdication. But you cannot beat something with nothing and any alternative to communism must carry conviction as providing a surer and faster road to social welfare than communism can plausibly claim to provide and to do so without arousing the emotional antagonisms associated with imperialism and the assumption of racial superiority. An alternative that has no emotional appeal of its own is under a severe handicap.

The merit of this book is that it covers the ground with such common sense considerations as these in mind and with an admirable impartiality. It is heartening that it should have demonstrated its success in finding readers.

H. F. Angus.

THE FUR TRADE IN CANADA, AN INTRODUCTION TO CANADIAN ECONOMIC HISTORY (revised edition): Harold A. Innis; University of Toronto Press; pp. xi, 463; \$8.50.

Few major works of economic history can have appeared under more modest pretensions than did the late Harold Innis' *The Fur Trade in Canada* when it was first published in 1930. To R. M. MacIver, who wrote the *Foreword*, the book was first and foremost an introduction to the analytic study which Innis had published in 1927 under the distressingly similar title, *The Fur Trade of Canada*. Apart from this, MacIver was reduced to calling it a "contribution," adding almost apologetically that it was "only through such investigations that an adequate economic history becomes possible." And Innis himself, in his *Preface*, was content to describe his book in terms which suggested that it was, more than anything else, an attempt to remedy the deficiencies of his earlier work on the C.P.R.

Did Innis himself not realize the epoch-making character of what he had done? Or did the climate of opinion, in those depression years, in some way require that the author and sponsor of a major work of Canadian scholarship should undersell their product? To those of us who have grown up under the shadow of Innis' work the modest pretensions of the original edition cannot but seem incongruous.

A revised edition of the book has long been overdue. Copies of the original have been unobtainable for several years, and graduate students have been reduced to the desperate expedient of mimeographing select portions for private sale. Now at last we have available a handsome reprint at what, in these days of inflated book prices, must be described as a reasonable cost. The present edition is, in fact, more than a reprinting, for it contains material not in the original. To



point of becoming models for much of the rest of Canada and the United States."

This book is a valuable addition to the literature of Canadian government. What is urgently needed are similar contributions from nine other provinces for it is only one who has the intimate and detailed knowledge of his province and its municipal complexities who can do an adequate job on this most involved level of government.

The work is enhanced by eight full-page illustrations and seven useful maps. There are also an appendix setting forth the views of the current Provincial Treasurer on the problems of municipal finance, a section devoted to foot-notes, a bibliography limited, however, to sources to which reference is made in the text, and an accurate index. It is unfortunate that the quality of the content is not supported by an equal quality of proof-reading and particularly unfortunate that a glaring error should appear on page 1.

Professor Hansen has made a useful contribution to the students of Canadian government and particularly to the people of the Province of Alberta. It is to be hoped that his lead will be followed by similar works on the other provinces.

*K. Grant Crawford.*

EARLY TRAVELLERS IN THE CANADAS, 1791-1867:  
selected and edited with an introduction by Gerald M.  
Craig; Macmillan; pp. xxxvi, 300, illus.; \$5.00.

This is the fifth volume in the Macmillan series of *Pioneer Books* designed to make available out-of-print or hitherto unpublished material on early life in Canada. From the wealth of travel literature of the pre-Confederation years Mr. Craig has selected accounts by thirty travellers to Upper and Lower Canada; the English-speaking area gets major attention. With the exception of one American and a German all the visitors are Britishers; they include a very few familiar names such as Anthony Trollope and Anna Jameson but most of them will be new to the majority of Canadian

readers. The editor's brief biographies of the travellers are thus a valuable feature of the book as is his introductory discussion of the motives behind the writing of this type of literature and the differing conclusions reached.

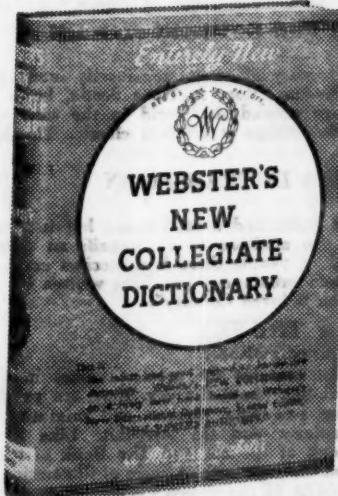
There is naturally a good deal of commentary on perennial Canadian themes—the vices of Montreal, the rivalry between Toronto and Hamilton, the emotionalism of the camp meeting, the grandeur of Niagara Falls, the diabolical influence of Yankee land promoters and cheap American literature, the incomprehensibility of the distinctions between Canadian political parties, and, of course, the superiority of the British liberty enjoyed by Canadians over the "mob government" of the United States. Many highlights of the century come alive in eye-witness accounts of Canadian attitudes during the War of 1812, the hardships inflicted by the system of public land grants in the thirties, the annexation talk of Montreal merchants at the beginning of the free trade era, and the dodges practised in 1860 by the Prince of Wales to avoid acknowledgment of the excessive attentions of the Orange Order. There are also pleasant and informative descriptions of farming, moose hunting, early railway travel, and a humorous, if somewhat distressing account of the state of medical practice in Western Ontario about 1820.

The selections are arranged chronologically and thus show the transition from a rude pioneer society to a more diversified and sophisticated one. The primary unifying theme throughout is the levelling effect of life in North America, seen through the eyes both of those who found the relative absence of social distinctions invigorating and of others who were only alarmed by "corduroy braggadocio."

Teachers of history will find in this compilation useful illustrations of class room generalizations about our past. But the book deserves to be treated as much more than a text; it should appeal to many who read chiefly for pleasure.

*Margaret Prang.*

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AT THE FORKS OF THE GRAND: D. A. Smith; issued jointly by *The Paris Star* and The Walker Press of Paris; pp. 302.

Most towns and villages in Ontario have printed records of their beginnings, and most of these records have little interest for anyone except those living in, or those having family associations with, these communities. In simple, far the greater number have no literary merit that would intrigue a stranger.

From the University of Toronto Press in 1953 came *Oakville and the Sixteen*, a truly first-rate piece of historical research, written with genuine sparkle by Hazel C. Mathews, a descendant of the town's founder.

In *At the Forks of the Grand* (which is the story of the town of Paris) D. A. Smith has given us another fine book of local history. If you are a native of any of Ontario's smaller cities or towns, particularly if you are about sixty years of age, you will live over your own youthful years as you read this book, if you have the good fortune to read it, for it is a pattern which can be traced in the development of nearly all such places.

Mr. Smith had no ancestral roots in Paris (has lived there only 28 years) as had Mrs. Mathews in Oakville, with the result his writing is more objective. Whether telling the story of the churchés or the taverns, of education or of sport, of government or of industry, even of romance and of ruffianism, he writes as an observer who has searched the records, found enjoyment in doing it, then made his report with detachment and quiet humor.

The chapters on the founding of Paris are vivid and informative, with the author touching the poetical when he writes of the virgin grandeur of the valleys of the Grand and Nith rivers, where the town was to grow. Nonetheless, a fine picture of the founders emerges.

Two chapters this reviewer found entertaining were headed "Sports and Games" and "Horse Days."

That the horse in a goodly measure was, within the last fifty years, to transportation what the motor car is today, is something no younger person can easily realize. In these pages the usefulness and pleasures of the horse come to life again and, it could be added, the tragedies, for the horse was the cause of many violent deaths and serious accidents.

In the "Games and Sports" chapter, Mr. Smith writes of the pre-eminence of the town of Paris in lacrosse. Possibly 80 per cent of the inhabitants of Ontario today would think you were talking of a new disease, or a city in Wisconsin, to speak of it. Lacrosse, be it known, was a game, and at the turn of the century was to the people of Ontario what bullfighting is today to the people of Spain. Incidentally, these were gladiatorial combats, with possibly more blood flowing than in many a bullfight. Would you know about it, then look it up in this book. There are many other good things in it, too.

Mr. Smith writes so well he at least rates a membership in the Arts and Letters Club. *Stewart Cowan.*

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